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Y^e YONGE MANNE OF MANHATTAN.

Y^e Yonge Manne is born, and his parents hasten with him to y^e abode of y^e BROWN, praying that he may be christened among y^e upper tenne.



And when y^e Yonge Manne takes a daughter of y^e upper tenne to wife, y^e BROWN sees that he is married in y^e BROWN his church.



Y^e BROWN demands if y^e parents put in their coal in y^e Summer time; and, being told that they do, he has y^e Yonge Manne christened in his church, and when he grows up y^e BROWN introduces him into Society.



And when y^e Yonge Manne he dies, y^e BROWN arranges with all y^e gardeners and black-goods men. And so, y^e Yonge Manne, he is done entirely BROWN.

THE BACHELOR'S MOVING-DAY.

AHA!
A mere half-hour's bother!
Suppose I were a father—
A luckless wight, called "Pa"!

I'd say,
"Now curse the restless rover
That first (despising clover!)
Invented Moving-day!"

O yes!
Especially, if moving
Was likely to be proving
(As usual) a mess!

Why, look!
You've got no end of articles,
Sure to be smashed to particles,
Or "snaked off" with a "hook"!

You've got
Chairs, bedsteads, tables, crockery—
(Recital seems a mockery!)
You've got—what have you not?

What's worse,
Your things won't fit new places,
Your wife won't like new faces—
Your very maid will curse!

Your hat
And other things *do* fall so!

And children they *do* bawl so!
Good heavens! think of that.

And think
Of possible colds and fevers—
Cartmen that prove deceivers—
Nothing to eat or drink!

Small bliss
For bachelors so lonely—
Tired of one thing only:
But they escape all this!

And pray,
What man with sons and daughters
Don't sigh for bachelor quarters
About the First of May?

THE DELIGHTS OF DOUGHERTY.

AT the Banquet of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia, Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY made one of the most extraordinary speeches on record, if we except certain forensic efforts of Mr. PUNCHINELLO delivered during the earlier stages of his career from his box. Mr. DOUGHERTY is a Soarer, and a Spreader, and a Screamer. Speaking metaphorically, he goes higher, measures more from the tip of one wing to the other, and is more suggestive of the warbling of a locomotive in his speech than any other Eagle in Philadelphia, which is saying a great deal. DANIEL is a Giant of Rhetoric, and would remind us of the Big Gentleman from Cardiff, only that mysterious personage is too heavy to soar; for which reason he usually occupies the ground floor, which Mr. DOUGHERTY does not do by any manner of means.

It was this extraordinary capacity of Mr. DOUGHERTY for Soaring which caused him to be called upon by the Army of the Potomac for a speech. The great D. begins by declaring that he would rather speak for his country than for Pennsylvania, which, considering that he also declared that he came "as a modest spectator," does not strike us as the depth of humility. However, "my bosom," said Mr. D., "is not confined to any locality;" and we believe that Mr. PECKSNIFF said something like this of his own frontal lobe. Yet, we should like to know what Mr. DOUGHERTY does for a chest when his own has gone upon its extensive journeys; something temporary is done, we suppose, with a pad. But the Bosom was at the Banquet, and the proprietor was there to thump it, until it must have sounded and reverberated; and if Mr. DOUGHERTY had also thumped his head, there would have been equal evidence of hollowness within. "May my tongue never prove a traitor!" cried the orator. Mr. PUNCHINELLO hastens to reassure him. The tongue is well enough, and is likely to be. It's something a little higher up that is likely to give out.

If the applause of the brave men before him was what Mr. DOUGHERTY wanted, (besides his dinner,) then of applause he got the Stomach under his Bosom full. The speech was received, according to the reporters, with a roaring which has not been equalled since the Lions in the Den roared at the other DANIEL, until they found that the good man was neither to be roared or sneezed at with impunity. The cheering was "tremendous." The cheering was "terrific." The cheering was "prolonged." And there stood "the Bosom not confined to any locality," but just then swelling, and expanding, and dilating—shall we for once be fine, and say like an Ocean Billow? Voices which shouted at Gettysburg now hailed Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY as a Conquering Hero—the conqueror of their ears! Once in a while there was "great laughter" when Mr. D. D. hadn't said any thing specially funny—that is, if Mr. PUNCHINELLO is a judge of fun; and if he isn't, who in all the world is? There are two kinds of laughter—the laughing *at* and the laughing *with*; and we have known "tremendous" and even "vociferous" applause to be very suspicious.

It must be a source of calm satisfaction to General GRANT to know that he is considered the "great and glorious GRANT" by Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY; although DANIEL once considered Mr. BUCHANAN, poor man! to be equally "great and glorious." So DANIEL also considers SHERMAN to be "immortal," and SHERIDAN "unconquerable," and MEADE "glorious." Adjectives are cheap, you know; and D. D., Esq., has evidently a great stock of them in his Wandering Bosom. Only, great soldiers, who know the precise value of Mr. DOUGHERTY's military opinions, might not care to have them laid on too thickly.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has written to Mr. DOUGHERTY's Family Doctor to inquire into the state of Mr. D.'s health after this tremendous effort, and he sends us a bulletin that Mr. D. is "as well as could be expected." We do not know what he means by this; it seems to us to lack scientific precision. The point upon which we wished to be informed was, whether Mr. D. did or did not break any thing—not the tumblers on the table, for that we should expect; but any thing in the way of blood-vessels. Not to put too fine a point upon it, How's the Bosom?

AMERICAN CUTLERY IN FRANCE.

THE great pride, the *dulce decus* of Americans, has long been in their pocket hardware, and the skill with which they use it. But we must henceforth look to our laurels. France is competing alarmingly with us in the use of the revolver. They were always a revolutionary people, were the French, and revolving seems, therefore, to suit their temper to a T, (Gunpowder T, of course.) Since the slaying of NOIR by BONAPARTE, the affectation of readiness with the pistol has become

quite the thing in Paris. New-York and Paris will soon be exactly alike in the bullet business—especially Paris. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, it seems, has been invited by some anonymous person to meet him at a certain hour in front of the *mairie* of the Seventeenth *arrondissement*, for the purpose of having his brains removed with a revolver. PAUL declined to go, however. The *Mairie* mentioned in the cartel was not the one for PAUL. Probably he would have gone to VIRGINIA, had he been invited to do so; but never a *MAIRIE* for the faithful PAUL. And he might have come by way of New-York, where he would soon have grown so used to having his brains removed with a revolver that the process would have become a pleasure to him.

PHILADELVINGS.

PUNCHINELLO cannot help liking Philadelphia, and always feels a pang of sympathy whenever any thing happens to that plain old city. One reason for this is, (and he is not ashamed of the weakness,) that Philadelphia likes PUNCHINELLO and takes, weekly, he would not be vain enough to say how many hundred copies of his journal. And now Philadelink, as her natives love to call her, is afflicted with a terrible disease—a fearful attack of chronic Legislature. Even when the active symptoms of this dread malady have subsided, the effects linger, and the consequent suffering is excruciating. One of the direst of the effects of the last attack is a dreadful bill—not a bile—which has caused a utilization sewage company to appear upon her body corporate. It is almost impossible for sister cities to understand the torments of such an affliction. Nobody can now clear away their own dirt—Councils, Board of Health, or any body else. If rooms are swept, the sewage company must take up the dust; if a pig-pen or a stable needs cleaning, the company must do it; if the lady of a house throws the slops out of her breakfast cups, the company must carry them away; if a man knocks the ashes from his cigar, he must save them for the company; if, anywhere in the city, a foul word is spoken, the company must have the benefit of it. Even the birds in the squares must not cleanse their nests without a printed permit from the company. If a bedstead is cleaned, the company must have the bugs. Only one dirty thing is safe from this all-powerful corporation, and that is the legislative delegation from the city. If the refuse matter were taken from that, there would be nothing left. It has been proposed that the Legislature itself should be purified; but this idea is Utopian, PUNCHINELLO fears. If Niagara were squirted through its halls, the water would be dirtied, but the halls would not be cleansed. Alas, poor city! Trampled under the heels of the aristocratic HONG and PENNY BUNN, what is there to hope for it?

But all has not been told. There are about eight hundred thousand inhabitants in the place. Some twenty thousand of these owe small sums for unpaid taxes, averaging about nine and a quarter cents to a man. To collect these sums, an army of seventy-two thousand able-bodied men, at salaries of one thousand dollars per annum, has been commissioned by the PENNY BUNN Legislature.

Alas, poor city! But all has not been told. A private firm has prevailed upon the imbecile old farmers from the western and interior counties to give them the right to build a private freight railroad through many of the principal streets of the Quaker City. This road will run through several school-house yards, and the time-tables are to be so arranged that trains shall always be due at those points at recess time. Every fiftieth private house along the lines is to have a road-station and freight-depot in its front-parlor, and all male residents on said routes are to serve in turn, without pay, as brakemen and switch-tenders. The owners of all vehicles injured by the trains are to be heavily fined, and the families of individuals allowing themselves to be killed are to be mulcted in heavy damages.

Alas, poor city! But all has not yet been told. A counterfeit tax-bill has been passed by the Legislature. All the sums handed in to the State Treasury by the tax collectors have been found to be "bogus" money. This action has been indorsed by the Legislature, and the action of that body is hereafter to be of the same character as the funds paid in by its creatures.

Alas, poor city! But all has not yet been told. Colonel FORNEY intends resuming his "Occasional" letters in the *Press*!

Enough! Humanity can bear no more.

Query by a Constitutional Student.

WHEN the Governor or President V-tees a bill, is he supposed to put his foot on it?

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



PECTACLES are proverbially fit for old eyes. Probably that is the reason why the spectacle of the *Twelve Temptations* is so dear to the aged eyes of the gray-haired old gentlemen who occupy the front seats at the Grand Opera House. It is certainly a brilliant spectacle, though, like the ideal scene to which Mrs. NICKLEBY's eccentric and vegetarian lover once referred, it consists principally of "gas and gaiters." Not that it is exclusively an Old Folks' entertainment; for, as the critics say of portentously dull juvenile books, "it will be found as interesting to the young as to the old." Though the

dullest of dramas, it is so brightened by brilliant legs that it dazzles every beholder. Why, then, should the stern advocate of the legitimate drama refuse to acknowledge that the *Twelve Temptations* has its redeeming legs? How runs the ancient proverb, "Singed milk is better than it looks;" or that equally ancient philosophical maxim, "There is no use in crying over spilt cats"? The stupid story of ULRIC's folly is made more attractive than one would suppose that it could be, and we need not weep over the fact that it is a spectacle, and not a SHAKESPEAREAN tragedy.

The bold explorers who have reached the remote Opera House, fought their way past the misanthropic door-keeper, and gained their seats, are first reduced to a state of mental chaos by the performance of a maddening overture, and are then fitted to appreciate the play, which proceeds after the following pattern:

Act 1. *Curtain rises upon a score of Unintelligible Demons, who sing this impressive chorus:*

"Oh! um um um um
For um um um um
And um um um um
To um um um um."

Exunt Demons. Enter RUDOLPH THE TEMPTER. He remarks to the surrounding scenery—"ULLERIC's soul must be mine, or else the dark abodes of torment await me. I will tempt him. Great Master, appear."

The Great Master—a major-general of fiends—appears, and, approving of RUDOLPH's virtuous resolve, they descend to—well, they descend below the Erie Building, to drink to his success. Scene changes to ULRIC's home. Enter ULRIC and family, including Aged Mother, Virtuous Heroine, Hated Rival, and Demoniac Servant.

ULRIC. "Mother, this strife is intollerrable; I will do any thing to escape from it."

Enter RUDOLPH and Unintelligible Demons (disguised.) They sing as before.

"Oh! um um um um, etc.

ULRIC. "The song says terruly. I will go with you, though you were the fiend himself."

Consolation on the part of every one. Demoniac Servant remarks, "Ha! ha!" ULRIC and the Demons sink through the floor. Scene changes to the Studio of Eblis.

RUDOLPH. "Take this collar. Behold these stripes painted upon it. Whatever you wish you shall have at the price of five years of your life. A stripe will vanish each time your wish is gratified. (*Aide.*) The stripes are only cloth, you know, and you can pull 'em off when your back is turned to the audience. Is it a bargain?"

ULRIC. "It 'er is." (*Malignant crash from the orchestra.*)

RUDOLPH. "ULLERIC, 'tis well. Now thou shalt behold our sports."

Enter ballet girls, dressed in red gaiters and torches. They dance the Demon Cancan, waving their torches and scattering the flames. Old Gentleman in the front row hears such charming little asides as, "Drot you, MARY SMITH, you've burnt my hand." "I'll slap your face, Miss, if you step on my foot again." "O NELLY! my hair's a-coming down."

Curtain finally falls upon a blaze of light and a bewildering wealth of legs.

Old Gentleman, in front row. "Well, he! he! that's pretty good; he! he! Devilish pretty girls some of 'em; he! he!"

Virtuous Matron. "My dear, isn't it shameful. I never saw any thing so disgusting."

Sceptical Husband. "Then perhaps we'd better go at once."

Virtuous Matron. "N—no. I'll sit through one more act, and see if it gets any worse."

Fast Young Man. "They're all padded, you know. You can't feel sure about one of 'em. There were gals in the *Crook* who used to pad their's from here to here"—(*adds explanatory pantomime.*)

Travelled Man, who has been to Paris. "These girls can't dance, I assure you. Now, at the Châtelet they do these things differently."

Admiring Friend to Travelled Man. "What spectacles did you see at the Châtelet?"

Travelled Man, (who was in Paris only two days, and never saw even the outside of the theatre.) "It was—let me see—Oh! *Moses in Egypt* was the name of the piece. It was gorgeous; full of Egyptian scenery, and Egyptian dancing girls and things."

Admiring Friend, (with aggravating persistence.) "Do you mean Rossini's *Moses*?"

Travelled Man, (quite desperate.) "Of course! He's the rival of OFFENBACH, you know. But come, let's go and take something."

(*They go, the faith of the Admiring Friend in the Travelled Man's veracity being, however, perceptibly shaken.*)

Three more acts follow. ULRIC makes a dozen wishes, all of which are gratified, and all of which have the inevitable effect of transporting him into scenes pervaded by the female leg to an extent that easily reconciles him to the successive loss of five years of his life. He finally becomes King of Egypt, and, after having fought against the Crusaders in defence of those well-known Mohammedan gods, ISIS and OSIRIS, is carried down a trap by exulting demons. An Intolerable Comic Man opens up hitherto unknown wastes of dreariness, and sings a comic song that is positively more tedious than an article from the *Nation*. The Demoniac Servant is continually shot up through spring traps, in order to remark, "Ha! ha!" and to immediately disappear again. The Aged Mother travels from Flanders to Egypt without changing her dress or combing her back hair, for the vain purpose of begging "ULLERIC" to repent. Consumptive Knights fight terrific broad-sword duels with a thirst for combat that beer alone is subsequently able to allay. The Virtuous HEROINE displays a very neat pair of ankles, but without winning "ULLERIC" from the devil of his ways. Half a dozen ballets are successively introduced, in which the skirts of the dancers are seen to decrease as rapidly and steadily as the stripes on ULRIC's magic collar. Finally, a grand Transformation Scene, which has nothing whatever to do with the play, exhibits the best legs of the company in the most favorable attitudes, and the green baize curtain falls upon the great spectacle of the day.

Virtuous Matron. "Well, I never! It's positively indecent. I'd like to take a whip to those shameless hussies."

Sceptical Husband. "PAGE offered me a proscenium box the other day. Suppose we take it to-morrow night?"

Virtuous Matron. "I'll go to please you, my dear. And really the scenery is pretty."

Wretched Man, who is shameless enough to admit that he likes it. "I like it. The ballet's good, the scenery is splendid, and the music might be worse. Why don't these ladies, who come here and sit it through, have the honesty to admit that they come because they like it? But no; they go away, and at the next party, where they wear dresses lower in the neck than any I've seen on the stage to night, they'll abuse the poor girls who have danced here for their amusement. Their malignant modesty does not deserve the respect of an intelligent figurante. If they are sincere, why do they come here?"

Which question still puzzles the perturbed mind of MATADOR.

Give 'em Rope.

We clip the following from the *Express*:

"There seem to be more legal loopholes for convicted murderers to escape through than for any other class of criminals."

That is too true, by a great deal. There should be but one "legal loophole" for a convicted murderer, and the authorities should not let him escape through the loop of it—they should Knot.



A MOVING INCIDENT.

Pat, (to Bridget.) "TAKE YOUR MASTHER'S TRUNK TO THE RAILROAD, IS IT? OCH! BOTHER—DON'T YOU SEE I'M MOVIN' A FAMILY?"

CABLE NEWS.

[EXCLUSIVELY FOR PUNCHINELLO.]

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Great PUNCHINELLO dinner has come off! JENKINS was there, and was to have telegraphed an account. But he was not so well as usual the next day, the Thames water having got into his head. JENKINS never *could* take much water. So your correspondent is obliged to trust to his memory—unaffected by the water, which he did not take.

Old London Tavern was the scene of this banquet, given by the *literati* of England in honor of the long-wished-for coming of PUNCHINELLO. The dining-hall was decorated for the occasion with appropriate portraits. There were HOGARTH, CERVANTES, ADDISON, MOLIÈRE, SWIFT, STERNE, GOLDSMITH, TOM HOOD, IRVING, THACKERAY, DICKENS, and ARTEMUS WARD. A number of the waiters were costumed in character. From my seat, I recognized SAM WELLER, (right behind me;) the Fat Boy of *Pickwick*; SANCHE PANZA, and JAMES YELLOWPLUSH.

MR. PUNCH was represented at the head of the table so well that you could know him at once from his weekly frontispiece. On one side of him sat CHARLES DICKENS; on the other, your humble ambassador. It would be rather invidious to name the other hundred guests; not to be there was to be nowhere in literature. Near me there sat LORD LYTTON, TOM HUGHES, PRÉVOST PARADOL, EDMOND ABOUT, CHARLES KINGSLEY, PAUL FÉVAL, and the Rev. JOHN CUMMING.

Asking, in a whisper, of Mr. PUNCH how the latter very staid individual came to be there, I understood that, of all the absurd men of this century, he was selected as the most representatively preposterous. The PRINCE OF WALES was not asked, lest his morals might be hurt by something that was said. And it is so important, you know, for the British nation—for the rest, see the *Saturday Review*.) And then Madame GEORGE SAND was to be there, who sometimes wears trousers.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was spoken of about it; but he replied gruffly, "PUNCHINELLO is Goliath of the Philistines!" and declined.

JOHN STUART MILL was too busy over his next book, which is to be "On the Subjection of Horses." But every body else was there, so we did not miss these grave and reverend seigniors.

THE "TOBACCO PARLIAMENT" OF OHIO.

FOR genial law-making in America commend us to the Ohio House of Representatives. While we haven't learned that the legislation of this august body has been particularly hazy of late, we think it must have been wholesome, for we are assured that much of it has been thoroughly "fumigated" through the exertions of the majority of its members, who perform their functions with pipes in their mouths, while drawn up in semicircle around a couple of fire-places built expressly for their accommodation—"one on each side of the speaker's desk." Who *wouldn't* legislate, (and early, too,) if he could do it with his feet on the fender, his well-flavored Havana or best Virginia leaf in his mouth, and the privilege of cracking jokes and telling naughty stories *ad interim*? Go it, ye Buckeye law-makers! Shall we hear of any sympathy for Cuba in that quarter?

A Woman's Physic.

(Mrs. C—x to Mrs. McF—d.)

"My Darling, I have found a panacea for all woes, in Man:
When one man will not suit or stay,
Then get another, right away."

How the twenty-five courses came on and went off, from the ox-tail soup and salmon to the dessert, it would need the tongue or pen of SOYER or PIERRE BLOT to narrate; as it needed the capacity of a FALSTAFF to do justice to them. And then, when the cover was removed, came the time of trial to your correspondent. "The Queen" and "the President" were drunk with all the honors. Then Mr. PUNCH called out, through his magnificent old nose, so that you might have heard him across the Channel, "Health and long life to PUNCHINELLO!"

Now, your correspondent had remembered Mr. HAWTHORNE's experience at a Lord Mayor's dinner, and had begged Mr. PUNCH by all means to let him off without a speech. But, more worldly-wise than HAWTHORNE, he didn't believe that Mr. PUNCH would keep his promise; so he had prepared a speech, beginning, "Not anticipating any occasion to open my lips in this illustrious company, you must allow me to speak altogether on the impulse of the moment." (Hear, hear.) So this had to be delivered; but for the rest of it, and of the dinner, you must wait for my next telegram. Mr. PUNCH is going to have the speech published in pamphlet form, for distribution among his numerous constituents. So, now for the rest of my news.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO has declared war against France. OLLIVIER proposes to send the PRINCE IMPERIAL to extinguish him with a corps of infantry, armed with popguns; no one to be admitted to the corps who is more than four years old. MONACO aspires to be a sort of LOPEZ.

TURKEY.

Sultan ABDUL AZIZ has just had a visit from a friend of JOHN BRIGHT's. To the surprise of every body, even his most intimate friends, the Sultan immediately made up his mind to turn Quaker! He came down stairs, and went into mosque, the other day, with a broad-brimmed hat, straight coat, and drab trousers; and insisted on all the ladies of his *hareem* putting on plain bonnets, and holding a "silent meeting" in the Seraglio! How it bothered them to do that last thing you may well suppose! More anon, from PRIME.

A Bit of Fish.

SECRETARY FISH is said to preserve a decidedly spruce appearance at the State Dinners. Fish is nothing if not Fin-ical.

FISH SAUCE.

THE sight of a thick, four-pound steak, just cut from a halibut that must have weighed, (the idea of a fish wading!) some two hundred pounds, reminds us that trout-fishing is just now in full operation. What a strange, weird mystery there is about mental associations! Long, long ago, we possessed a favorite trout-rod fitted with a Hollow Butt, and so it is that whenever we see a Halibut, trouting comes to our mind.

Yesterday, frogs were croaking, and insects all in green livery, with gilt buttons, contributed to Nature's Great Boston Jubilee of music with their hum. How ridiculous it seems that insects should have a hum!—and yet the Bee has its Hum in its hive.

It is at this season that enthusiastic anglers always get water on the brain. Their dreams are of gurgling brooks. They have visions of mill-ponds, with beautiful little cascades sluicing into them over dams. They stand, in imagination, on bridges, in the eddies beneath which they discern the wagging of silvery tails and rosy fins; and a very common form of nightmare with them is to fancy that the reel of the fishing-rod won't work, just as they are going to wind up a four-pound trout.

Now, also, is the time when friend gives much advice to friend on the subject of the "gentle art." (A trout's opinion on this branch of art, by the by, would be worth having. Perhaps he might not consider it so gentle.)

One student of the angle will say to another, "Always fish up the stream. Fish lie with their heads to the current and their tails in the opposite direction: therefore, by casting up-stream, you run the less chance of being seen by them."

Another says, "Be sure you make your casts down-stream; your bob-flies like it better, as you can see by the way they dance on the ripples."

Quoth another, "Always soak your casting-lines with water before you start for the river-side;" while a fourth instructs you *never* to straighten your lines with water, but by passing them through a piece of India rubber doubled between the finger and thumb.

Our advice is, Never cast against the wind. In fact, you can't do it; and if you try it, you run the risk of getting *strabismus*—that is, the Cast in your eye. Artificial flies, like artificial flowers, never should follow nature. Manufacturers of both articles perfectly understand this; and hence the superiority of their productions to the mere realities that flutter and bloom for their brief hour, and then die. There is nothing in entomology so beautiful as a well-busked trout or salmon fly. And then it is comparatively indestructible. Take a natural May Fly and squeeze it in your hand. It is reduced to a pulp. Try the same experiment with an artificial one, and its plumage remains un-



"SHOO! FLY."

ruffled—which is more than you do, since the chance is that you will have to employ a surgeon to extract the hook from the ball of your thumb.

We are assured by a broker, who, in Spring-time, always becomes a broker, that by far the surest lure for a large trout is the Greenback Fly. He is acquainted with a man who, whenever he goes a-fishing, always has a four-pound trout to pack in ice and send up to a friend in the city. By post, a letter is dispatched to the same quarter, containing a warm description of the playing and landing of that noble fish. The sender usually states that he captured it with the famous fly known to anglers as the Green Drake. Facts are against him, though; and it

is well understood by his friends that the fish was first taken by some poaching rascal with a scoop-net, and subsequently hooked by the angler with a five-dollar Greenback Fly.

Nothing in life is more beautiful than a five-dollar Greenback Fly—except, of course, a ten-dollar one, or one of indefinitely larger denomination.

Provided with this most charming and effective of lures, the angler is always sure to fill his creel. He incurs no fatigue in doing so, either, for all the boys of the village become his humble servants to command; and if there be a four-pound trout in the miller's pond, he is sure to hook it with the Greenback Fly, while the boys generally "hook it" also, lest the miller should catch them at their tricks.

How to make the Greenback Fly—Give it to your wife.

Much has been said concerning the efficacy of the Water Fly as a lure. For our own part, we have not tried it. We know rather less about it than we do about the Water Cure; but we cheerfully print the following directions on the subject, taken from the fly-leaf of an old book.

How to make the Water Fly: Fall into it.

HALL AND HAYES.

THE friends of Dr. HAYES and those of Captain HALL are engaged in a heated discussion as to which of the two ought to be sent by Congress in search of the North Pole. As the public does not know who is right and who is wrong, we present our readers with the arguments of each party; so that they can decide which explorer is the man for the post—we should say, pole.

WHAT THE HAYES PARTY SAYS.

1. The Pole being surrounded by water, must be reached by boats. HAYES is a sailor and HALL is not. Therefore HAYES is the man to sail to the Pole.

2. HAYES is a Bostonian; HALL is a Western man. Bostonians are famed for their skill in prying into every thing; while Western men stupidly mind their own business. Therefore HAYES is naturally fitted to become an explorer.

3. HALL spent his time while in the Arctic Region in the society of Esquimaux. HAYES attended to his ship, and lived on pork and beef like a Christian. Therefore HAYES is the better man.

4. HAYES understands the use of instruments, and can take observations of the temperature of hot springs, if any are found. HALL knows nothing about instruments, and could not tell the time by a barometer if his life depended upon it. Therefore HAYES should be the Congressional favorite.

5. HALL is hot-tempered and once killed one of his crew. HAYES is a cool man and never killed any body, except as a medical practitioner. Cool men are at home in the Arctic Region. Therefore send HAYES.

WHAT THE HALL PARTY SAYS.

1. If the Pole is surrounded by water, it must be a visible point of land. HALL is a landsman, and therefore the proper man to send in search of land. To send a sailor like HAYES in quest of land would be absurd. Therefore HALL is the right man.

2. HALL is a steady, hardworking, energetic Western man. HAYES is a meddling Yankee. Of course HALL is the better man for carrying out a difficult enterprise.

3. HALL has lived in the Arctic land as the Arctic people do; while HAYES knows nothing of the people of that region. Therefore HALL is by far the best man to send.

4. HAYES can have no use for his instruments in a place where there is nothing but ice. HAYES would, therefore, only add to the cost of the expedition. HALL can take all necessary observations with his eyes, which cost Congress nothing and are easily carried. Therefore HALL is by all odds the man for the expedition.

5. If HALL is hot-tempered, so much the better. He will keep warm with less consumption of fuel. That he killed a mutineer is proof of his resolute adherence to discipline. HAYES would never enforce discipline if he dared to inflict no more punishment for mutiny than a draught of Epsom salts. Therefore HALL is plainly the man to command an exploring party.

Here we have the arguments which both sides advance, and our readers can easily make up their minds. As for ourselves, the true course for Congress to pursue seems so plainly evident that if we were asked which is the best man, the Doctor or the Captain, we should unhesitatingly answer in the negative.



CINCINNATUS SWEENEY.

CINCINNATUS SWEENEY.

(Adapted from ARNOLD'S *Classical Dictionary*, p. 351.)

"CINCINNATUS had retired to his patrimony, aloof from popular tumults. The successes of the Equi, (young Democracy,) however, rendered the appointment of a Dictator necessary, and CINCINNATUS was chosen to that high office. He laid aside his rural habiliments, assumed the ensigns of absolute power, levied a new army, marched all night to bring the necessary succor to the Consul MINCIUS, (W. M. TWEED,) who was surrounded by the enemy and blockaded in his camp, (Albany,) and before morning surrounded the enemy's army, and reduced it to a condition exactly similar to that in which the Romans had been placed. The baffled Equi were glad to submit to the victor's terms, and CINCINNATUS, returning in triumph to Rome, (New-York,) laid down his dictatorial power after having held it only fourteen days, and returned to his farm" (Central Park.)

SPRING FEVER.

O THOMSON, JAMES! how *could* you speak of Spring
In such a joyous way?
If it were as you say,
Wouldn't I know it, who know every thing!
"Ethereal mildness!" Pshaw! what nonsense, man!
Pooh! "Gentle spring," indeed!
It makes my liver bleed
To hear you talk as only idiots can.
But you're no idiot, THOMSON; *that* I'll say!
I'll yield another bit:
I'm ready to admit
The Seasons may have altered since your day.
At any rate, JAMES, in the windy West
(Which wasn't in your eye—
At least, not frequently)
Your boasted Spring is *not* a gentle guest.
My patience, no! She's the reverse of that!
Ah! hear her savage roar;

(So often heard before!)
And there (confound it!) goes my new Spring hat.
Alas! what means this stupid somnolence?
Why do my pulses go
So "melancholy slow"?
Why can't I think? why always "on the fence"?
O dews and fogs! O rain and snow and slush!
O various other things!
My soul! what need of wings:
Yes, "Spring's delights" are coming with a rush!
But stay, friend THOMSON—what you say is true:
Here *is* a nice warm day!
The breezes softly play—
Then why, oh! *why* then, do I feel so blue?
One "would not die in Spring-time," certainly—
Nor any other season,
For the same reason—
But if one can't eat dinner, why *not* die?
Is there no penance for such ills?
Oh! yes, a jolly one:
I find it in the dun!
In landlords', butchers', grocers', tailors' bills!

The Difference.

GOLDEN calves were worshipped by men of old. Modern men prefer to worship saw-dust calves.

Dramatic Query.

Is Canada to be the Theatre of a Fenian War? It seems that the Canadian Volunteers think so; and, to do justice to the performance, they have taken possession of the whole Front-tier.

The Original Bow.

THE El-bow.

Not the Chimney for a Studio.

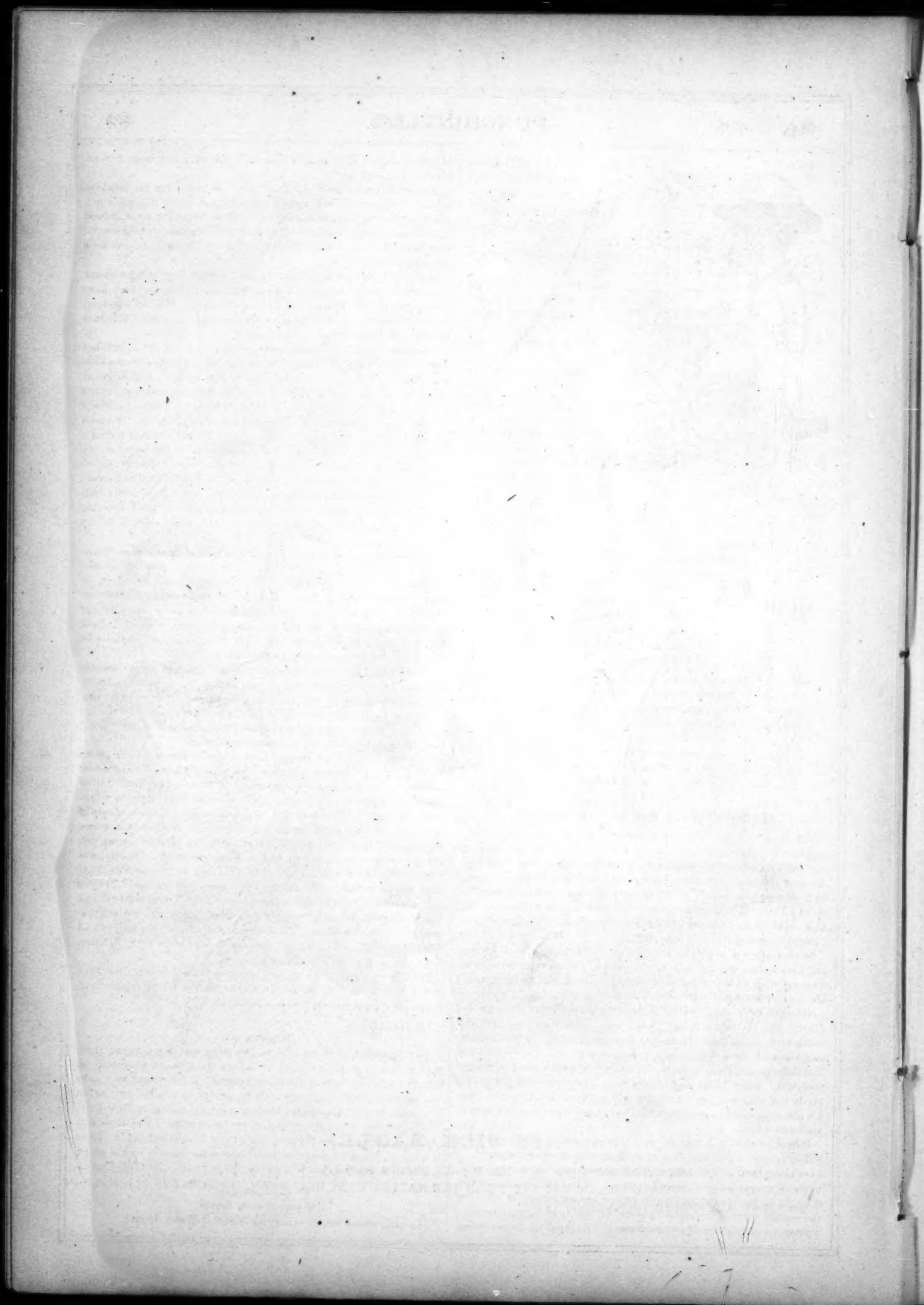
ONE that won't Draw.



THE SICK EAGLE.

COLUMBIA. "DO LET THE POOR BIRD OUT, MR. B.; HE DROOPS SADLY."

MR. BOUTWELL. "REALLY I DON'T SEE ANY THING THE MATTER WITH HIM, MA'AM. HIS CAGE IS ALL GOLD, AND HE SURELY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED."





N EXCELLENT OLD SONG MADE NEW.

BY A DEFAULTER.

Is there for his dishonesty
Who hangs his head, and
a' that?
The coward slave, we pass
him by,
And dare to steal for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our grabs and games,
and a' that,
Our business is to make
a pile
And swindle SAM, and
a' that.
What though the people
curse and swear
At losing gold, and a' that?
Their fiercest wrath we'll
proudly bear,
And cash is cash for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
Their lawyers, courts, and a' that,
The lucky rogue who wins his pile
Is king of men for a' that.

The President knows how to beat
In battle, siege, and a' that;
But we're the lads for swift retreat,
Although he growl, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our bonds and oaths and a' that,
A bouncing swag's the better thing
For gentlemen, and a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that,
That plundering gents may keep the sway,
And help themselves, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Leg ball's the thing, and a' that;
For travelling improves the mind,
The body saves, and a' that.

THE THIRTEENTH MAN IN THE OMNIBUS.

THE New-York omnibus was constructed to seat and carry twelve persons; certainly not more. Indeed, when twelve men, of nominal size, sit squarely on the seats and do not clownishly cross their legs, one may ride in an omnibus with comfort. Nay, with these conditions, he *may* generally escape having his toes crushed, his shins kicked, his shoes soiled, or his trousers daubed with mud by his neighbor. But alas! how often is this paradisiacal state disturbed by the intrusion of "the thirteenth man in the omnibus."

Shall I attempt to portray the creature? He is pretty well known, and perhaps the picture will be recognized. Sometimes he may be seen standing at the corner of the street lying in wait for the "bus." He is never known to walk toward its starting-place, lest he might be confounded with the "twelve" by getting inside before the seats are filled. No; he is "nothing if not" odd. His very hat never sits squarely upon his head like the hat of a gentleman. It is either elevated in front like a sophomore's, or depressed on one side, as if he had just come from a cheap spree in the Bowery, or was troubled with some obtrusive "bump" that kept his hat awry. If by chance he gets a seat inside the omnibus, (as "accidents will happen," etc.) he must cross his legs and wipe the mud from his ill-shod feet upon your trousers or your wife's dress.

Indeed, methinks it was he who invented sitting cross-legged in a public vehicle. Do savages ever sit thus when in close company? I have never been able to imagine what special human sin this ingenious mode of annoyance was meant to punish. It has been suggested that it might be the man's pantomimic protest against sitting at all. But the saddest commentary upon this vice of our hero is, that by some mysterious magnetism of awkwardness and ill-breeding, he has betray-

ed into imitation of it men whose early education has been less neglected than his own.

Sometimes, as he gets into the "bus," he carries in his hand or mouth the stump of a half-burned, extinct cigar, which fills the atmosphere with a rank and sickening odor. More frequently he is dressed in well-worn black, and his clothes reek with noisome exhalations of stale tobacco-smoke. Shall I finish his picture? I verily believe he is the original Loafer.

Methinks I see him in my mind's eye. I am riding in a Broadway omnibus. I have just handed up my fare, and, taking my seat, have surrendered myself to a sweet half-hour of reverie. I disdain to spoil my eyes or waste my time by newspaper-reading. I dream, and save my time for better things, as I conceive.

The stage is full. "Twelve inside." The driver does not seem to get along. He is constantly stopping or turning his horses to the sidewalk, right or left. You wonder what is the matter. You begin to think the whole town is striving to get a ride down with you in that particular "bus." At every street-corner we linger or stop. Suddenly the door is pulled open with a jerk and our enemy leaps in. He sees the seats are filled, but he does not hesitate. There is always room for him. Indeed, his "spirit rises with the occasion." He becomes pertinacious as he is offensive. He tramples upon more than one pair of feet in his struggle to reach the middle of the omnibus. The passengers patiently submit to the intrusion with that quiet good nature with which Americans usually suffer imposition invasive of good manners, or petty social rights. They seem to feel they can "stand it" if he can.

His mode of paying his fare evolves a climax of unconscious impertinence. In order to have free use of one hand to pass up his money, he grasps cane or umbrella with the other hand, by which he holds the pendent strap. By this means he loses control of the lower end of his stick, which thereby becomes an automatic instrument of torture, menacing your face and eyes in quite a savage way. Indeed, his apparent unconsciousness that he is a nuisance, and ought to be kicked out, really approaches the sublime.

He is a pet of the driver, of course. Some innocent people wonder that the drivers of omnibuses or cars should feel so very charitably disposed toward the human family in general, as to take up extra passengers when all seats are filled. Short-sighted mortals! Do you not see it? The more passengers, beyond the complement of the "bus," the more perquisites for an ill-required profession.

To return to our black sheep. Look where he stands. As he grows weary, he grasps the straps on either side to steady him. His attitude is a cunningly devised mode of tormenting his fellow-passengers. Either elbow of our nondescript just reaches the hat of your opposite neighbor or yourself. With each jolt of the stage, by a little dexterity of movement, or want of it, he can knock the hats over the eyes of two persons at a time, and by a little shifting of his position he can frequently bring down four by a single spasmodic lunge. When he is fresher, as in the morning, and can hold his own weight, he falls in his more natural posture. Would you know what that may be? Did you ever observe one of the descendants of the Lost Tribes who inhabit Chatham street dreamily waiting for a passing rustic? He is apparently in a comatose state. His abdomen is drawn in; his body is bent like a section of a hoop; his eyes are cast down; while both his hands are thrust deeply into his trower's pockets.

But I grow weary of the subject, and stop by commending the Thirteenth Man in the Omnibus to curiosity-hunters as a fungus growth of humanity nursed by over-virtuous forbearance.

Hyperborean.

THE hyperbole of bores it is, to bore Congress for a hundred thousand dollars to go to the Pole! If Captain HALL wants adventure, let him travel to the Halls of the MONTEZUMAS. If he wishes only to be left out in the cold, let him go to Chili; or else up in a balloon; or let him make himself Republican candidate for something in New-York. We believe the North Pole would rather be let alone. The whole subject is, at all events, too HAYES-y just now to be comprehended. There is a sort of KANE-ine madness, which shows itself not in fear of water, but in an insane disposition to do big things on ice. Haul off, Captain HALL!

Meteorological Query.

Is a temperance lecture synonymous with a Water Spout?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NAVY.

ITS PORTER. ITS SAILS.

Impressions on an Outsider.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: According to your instructions, your correspondent proceeded to Washington, and there interviewed our present efficient Secretary of the Navy, Admiral PORTER. I found him in his office, surrounded by bills-of-sale of main-tops, carronades, iron-clads, bo'sen's whistles, navy-yards, and other naval articles, the proceeds of which were needed for the future experiments of the Department. These papers were being bound up into bundles and stowed away by his assistant, ROBESON.

After the ordinary greetings had passed between the admiral and your correspondent, the following conversation ensued:

Cor. Admiral, what do you think of the Fifteenth Amendment?

Ad. All right. When Americans want votes, I say, give 'em to 'em.

Cor. (*A little apprehensively.*) Votes are different from boats, then, admiral?

Ad. Certainly. What do the negroes want with boats?

Cor. How are you satisfied, Mr. Secretary, with the plan of always providing you with a civilian as an assistant?

Ad. I don't like it. Can't help it, though. This one, however, (*pointing his thumb over his shoulder at ROBESON*), don't give me much trouble. Quiet man.

Cor. What do you think of the condition of Cuba, sir?

Ad. Very nice indeed! Got Admiral POOR out there, cruising around. Just like a picnic, you know.

Cor. Are you in favor of the recognition of Cuban Independence?

Ad. No, sir! What's the good? POOR might have to come home, then.

Cor. You think, then, that recognition would not be a Poor policy?

Ad. Yes—no! No—yes! Doormat! You know what I mean.

Cor. (*quickly.*) Oh! yes. Certainly, sir! But what is your opinion upon the woman question?

Ad. Don't care a snap. Let 'em vote. Won't make any difference 'board ship.

Cor. You think, then, that women will never be sailors, Admiral?

Ad. Nothing they could do. Except to trim the boats; look out for the mizen sheets, or something o' that kind. Couldn't expect 'em, even in a calm, to be brisk in manning the yards, much less martingales.

Cor. What is your opinion, Admiral, of SHERIDAN'S work among the Pie-gans?

Ad. (*laughing.*) Neat job. How was that for Lo?

Cor. Good. Do you believe the Pope's infallible, Admiral?

Ad. The Pope's what?

Cor. Do you think that there is no such word as fail with Pro Nono?

Ad. No, no!

Cor. The Empress EUGENIE, Admiral, and Queen VICTORIA—which do you think is the prettiest of these women?

Ad. Never saw 'em swimmin'. Can't say.

Cor. What is your opinion about McFARLAND? Was he justifiable, think you?

Ad. No! Poor shot.

Cor. Have you seen *Frou Frou*, Admiral?

Ad. Yes. In New-York.

Cor. How did you like it, sir?

Ad. Not much. Do for folks whose taste for that sort of thing is DALY bred.

Cor. What do you think of our new City Charter?

Ad. Is it a ship?

Cor. Yes, sir. It is a sort of hardship for New-York.

Ad. Well, the city must be used to that. Will take in its ale pretty much as usual, I reckon.

Cor. What, sir, do you think of Chicago?

Ad. Ah! go way.

Cor. (*oblivious of hint.*) Where do you buy your pantaloons stuff, Mr. Secretary?

Ad. (*sharply.*) Where the woodbine twineth.

Cor. Admiral, have you any children?

Ad. (*loudly.*) ROBESON!

Cor. My dear sir, you surprise me! Is he your son?

Ad. (*to assistant.*) ROBESON! Did you see MIKE HAINES?

Cor. One moment, Admiral! Let me ask of you, in which, if any, of our New-York companies is your life insured; and do you wear the patent perforated buckskin?—

Here the interview terminated. Your correspondent suddenly discovered that he would have barely time to catch the N. Y. Express, and he took leave with a renewed respect for the spirit of our Navy and its head.

SNIQUE.

"COME, GENTLE SPRING."



SPRING has come. Now is the time to ask your friends for seed and roots, and to tell somebody they ought to see about the garden. Turn your chickens into your neighbors' grounds, and the cow too, if you think she would like to go there. Now also is the time for house-cleaning, as well as for settling up one's affairs generally; so, after you have called in all the money due you, and paid out as little as possible, perhaps you had better go out West for a week or so.

The sort of Liquor most apt to Tell upon a Man.

PEACH brandy.

Opinions of the Press.

THE *Sun* thinks that the *World's* end would be a god-send. It also thinks that the *Tribune* is a try weakly and unique daily, besides being a four centenary.

It thinks that the fact of the *Times* being out of Joint is the reason it is getting the cold Shoulder from its subscribers.

It thinks that the *Herald* is not the leading paper, though it may have Ben-it.

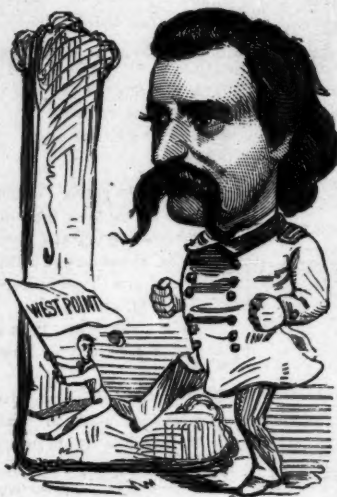
It thinks that the *Sun* is awful shiny.

The Politician's Half-and-Half.

DEMAGOGUE and Demijohn.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



CARPENTER had done.

Mr. CARPENTER said that the passion of his friend from Boston for maundering about himself amounted to a mild mania. All he had done was to suggest that SUMNER had upheld States Rights twenty years ago, and now pretended that he was never any such person.

Mr. SUMNER said that twenty years ago the States Rights boot was upon the other leg. *ÆNEAS SILVIUS* had well observed that it made a heap of difference whose ox was gored, and HORACE had pointed out the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Unless his reading of the Cyclopædia had failed to inform him, he believed that there was a game known as "Heads I win, tails you lose." That was his little game. When Massachusetts States Rights were invoked to aid the colored man, States Rights were good. When Southern States Rights were invoked to crush the colored man, States Rights were bad. As for him, give him liberty or give him rats.

Mr. HARLAN wished to know why the Pacific Railway grant should be passed. No officer of that railway had been to see him about it. He did not believe in legislation of this kind. If a thing were worth having, it was certainly worth asking for. He had no objection to breaking old "ties," but he was averse to paying for new ones, unless he had some personal reason for it. He wished he were altogether in the same position as some of his colleagues, including these "bonds."

WILSON, and CASSELY, and THURMAN, and THAYER said that HARLAN was of no account, and that was the reason why he had not been "seen." As long as a majority was prepared, it was wasting money to conciliate any body else.

Mr. DRAKE said he had a better thing than the Pacific Railway. It was a bill to provide that the Army and Navy of the United States might be put on a war-footing on the application of any three colored persons. This did not seem to be profitable, but it was. The profit in it was a JOB, but much subtler than in the Pacific Railway. He hoped Senators would see the illimitable vistas of patronage opened by the bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. BUTLER insisted upon his bill to annex Dominica. Somebody had said that we had plenty of Dominicans already in the Southern States. This was not so. He wanted to be Governor-General of Dominica. It was true that silverware was not rife in that island, but there was an infinitude of potential voters, who could be converted into coin.

The House refused to see it, however, and proceeded to discuss the case of SYPHER. Mr. BROOKS said SYPHER was nothing. He did not see how SYPHER, who was a nullity, could be figured out to be a member of Congress. Besides, SYPHER lived in Pennsylvania.

Mr. KELLEY said that was the very reason why SYPHER should be admitted. Every body knew, who knew any thing of arithmetic, that a SYPHER in the proper place amounted to a great deal. He would like to know what objection there was to Pennsylvanians representing Louisiana? A Pennsylvanian was sure to be right on the tariff, and a Louisianian was sure to be wrong. Therefore a Pennsylvanian was a much better representative than a Louisianian. Besides, SYPHER's hands were not red with loyal blood, neither had he waded knee-deep in patriotic gore.

OFTY Mr. SUMNER wished to know what Mr. CARPENTER meant by pursuing him. He was used to being blackguarded by the enemies of his country, but now he was hounded in the house of his friends. He had looked through the whole Congressional Library and failed to find a precedent for the course of the carping CARPENTER, except in the case of the classic chap who had warmed a viper which had turned again and rent him. He did not mean to say that Mr. CARPENTER was a viper, but he thought nobody but an Adder would put this and that together as Mr.

vanian was a much better representative than a Louisianian. Besides, SYPHER's hands were not red with loyal blood, neither had he waded knee-deep in patriotic gore.

Mr. BUTLER wanted to annex Dominica.

Mr. COX said he did not object to SYPHER's coming in because he was a Pennsylvanian. He was an Ohio man, and represented a New-York district. But he thought there were too many SYPHERS here now. An integer or two would be more useful to maintain the integrity of the House.

Mr. BUTLER said he would like to introduce a bill to annex Dominica.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said he didn't care any thing about the merits of the case. He knew the committee was all right. It was a matter of comity to go with the committee. If the House added a SYPHER, it would increase their strength ten fold.

Mr. STOKES said he would not weep for SYPHER if he were rejected.

But he would sigh for SYPHER, if he could cipher SYPHER in.

Mr. BUTLER moved a bill to annex Dominica.

SYPHER tried to swear himself in, but he had been so much irritated by the previous proceedings that he found that he had sworn himself out.

The House adjourned, except Mr. BUTLER, who was preparing a bill to annex Dominica.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: In the *Express* of Saturday, April 17th, I read the following announcement, printed at the foot of the regular weather table, furnished for that journal by Professor THATCHER:

"Prediction.—It will not rain within 3¼ days from 8 P.M.

"A. E. THATCHER."

The positive character of this prediction made it very welcome. My wife and myself had been invited by friends in Westchester County to go to their house on Saturday evening, stay all night, and pass the following day—Easter-Sunday—with them. We had nearly made up our minds to do it. They are very pleasant folks to visit, especially about Easter time; for the man of the house has a mania for hens, and, being a dyer by trade, his poultry, using the refuse of the drugs instead of gravel to aid their digestion, lay natural painted eggs of the most varied and delicate tints. If I am strict in any matter of religion, it is with regard to having a blow-out of eggs at Easter. My wife is as fond of eggs as myself, (the yolk sits lightly, she says, which is a joke upon yoke,) and she required no egging on to persuade her to accept the invitation. We were doubtful about the weather, though; but the "Professor's" prediction decided us, and we went.

I thought it felt mighty like rain as we walked the short distance from the railway station to our host's. I had rain-pains in my back, and my wife said her corns were shooting. Nor did our punctual aches deceive us. Between that Saturday night and Easter-Sunday morning it began to rain. Easter-Sunday was the wettest day I remember ever to have experienced. There was no "let up" of the deluge throughout that day and Easter-Monday. We—my wife and I—are suffering dreadfully from the effects of Easter-eggs, which we were obliged to devour by the stack merely to kill time, as we could not walk out. Should we die, I will let you know; but really it was too bad of "Professor" THATCHER.

WEATHERBOUND.

P. S.—Who is "Professor" THATCHER?

THE BIRD OF WISDOM IN IOWA.

CIVILIZATION, it seems, is making some headway in Iowa. Boys are no longer allowed to shoot small birds there, especially song-birds. And so the little warblers can pipe it all day, if they like, and when they grow tired and hungry, they are welcome to refresh their small systems at the strawberry beds. There is one feature of the regulation in question, however, that *does* pain us. While vocal and fly-gobbling talents are tenderly fostered, dignified Wisdom is not only neglected, but persecuted. Our old friend the Owl is reputed by the people of Iowa to be rather particular in his diet, (as all wise creatures are,) and to prefer a nice young spring chicken to almost any other "delicacy of the season"—a proof of wisdom and refinement that proved too much for the people of Iowa. And so they have left the poor old Owl out of the protective enactment; and it is not only legal to shoot him, but meritorious. The legislators could have stood the wisdom, perhaps, by itself; and possibly they might have respected the taste; but the combination troubled them, and could not, of course, be tolerated.



"THE MERRY FIRST OF MAY."

First Young Wife. "OH! THIS HORRID HOUSE-MOVING—AN'T YOU DISTRACTED ABOUT IT, DEAR?"

Second Ditto. "O DEAR! NO. WE HAVE ARRANGED IT NICELY. CHARLES WILL SEE TO THE FURNITURE AND THINGS, AND I WILL SUPERINTEND THE REMOVAL OF FIDO MYSELF."

HOW A DISCIPLE OF FOX BECAME A LOVER OF BULL.

PHILADELPHIA, 4th Month, 13th, 1870.

FRIEND PUNCHINELLO: I know thee treats our good city with more consideration than thy brother journalists, and so it is that I address thee on this occasion. Last night I listened to the fiddle of OLE BULL. I had long known of this man, even from the time when I first attired myself in a coat, (called by the world after the name of the abdomen of a fish,) as one who

—"skinned a cat
And put the fur around his hat."

But having recently been made aware of the fact that this fiddler only availed himself, in his vain exhibitions, of a part of the *felis* which was not necessary to its felicity after death, I determined to give a portion of my worldly goods toward the building of a light-house on the Norway coast, for which purpose, I heard it averred, this man's performances were given; and I went to the building where the fiddling was to be, to see if it were done with fidelity for this end.

As I sat in the upper seats of the house, serenely elevated above the vain throng, the man BULL appeared before me. His mien was humble and his hair was of a gray tinge, which I attributed to the ceaseless gratings of the instrument which he held on his arm, as carefully as if it had been an immortal child.

At first, though I labored conscientiously toward that end, I could discover nothing in the sounds he made which reminded me in the least degree of a Norwegian light-house. But suddenly I forgot that useful monument. Against my will, I seemed to be wafted aloft, even to where the seats were cheaper; and anon, I felt as though I disported among the shameless figures on the ceiling of the house. I now forgot all things earthly, even that suspicious bill which friend HOPKINS paid in to my cashier on Second-day. Yea, my whole being became, as it were, strung upon the entrails of a cat and tickled with the tail of a horse. I felt as if I were wafted aloft on a blanket of shivering scrapes, while quivering angels gently swung me among the stickery stars! And there I heard a melody as though the edges of glass skies were softly rubbed together. Then all was stiller, stiller, until methought I heard nothing but one consumptive angel breathing in his sleep. But even that sound dribbled away, until the last drop seemed to me

about to be sucked down into a hole at the bottom of the airy void, when suddenly there came a rush as though a vast light-house of brass had fallen into a sea of tinkling cymbals, and I jumped so violently that my spectacles slipped from off my nose and fell among the vain ones below.

A second time now came the fiddler forth, and soon methought I stood within a surgeon's operating hall. The player drew his bow as though it were a knife, gliding over the limb of a subject in a sleep.

So keen the blade, so soft the touch, the sleeper did not wake! I clutched my knees—my breath did cease!

The skin divides!

And still he sleeps.

The muscles and the tendons fall apart!

He moves not.

Oh! That glittering blade

It deeper goes!

A—Ah!

He wakes!

He yells!

Horror! And now, through flesh and bones that vengeful weapon grinds!

'Mid screams and oaths!

Down falls the leg. . .

I staggered forward. My hat, which much clamor in the rear had not made me remove, fell over the iron rail and plunged, resounding like a sinful drum, upon the head of a painted Jersey belle below.

I heeded not, but groped me to the door.

And now I write to thee, friend PUNCHINELLO. Can thee buy me such a fiddle in New-York? Thy friend,

VENTER CLUPLE.

A Puzzler.

THE Belgians, it is said, are anxious to have the letter *h* dropped from the French alphabet. As that contains no *u*, how, in the event of a new elision, will the Parisians, who are so fond of English words, manage to spell *wheelwright*?

A Blow that Hurteth not.

THE Blow of a flower. . .

A Pleasant Prospect.

If the new Superintendent of the New-York Police Force is to be as severely tried as was his predecessor, then, surely, JOURDAN will have "a hard road to travel."

"OUT OF THE STREETS."

GEORGE W. MCLEAN am I,
And potent was my name,
Till TWEED and SWEENEY
crossed my path
And spoiled my little game.

Our city roads I supervised,
Long time, with pious care,
The people's Ways I strictly
watched—
Street, Avenue, and Square.

But now, from office rudely
swept
By Legislative BILL,
The crossing-sweeper's broom
I ply,
My empty pouch to fill.



Honeymoons in the Air.

THE rage for passing the honeymoon in a balloon appears to be on the wane in this country. The reason for this may be that a majority of those who enter wedlock find they "go up" soon enough without the aid of a balloon.

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